

The Faculty of Music, University of Toronto

SPECIAL EVENTS

CONCERT HALL

EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING

Thursday, November 28th, 1963

8:30 p.m.

Shirley Verrett = Mezzo Soprano

CHARLES WADSWORTH *at the piano*

PROGRAMME NOTES

MEIN LIED ERTANT — My song resounds when life is calm and beautiful, when the storms rage and even when life is ending for a dear one.

ALS DIE ALTE MUTTER — Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished, seldom from her eyelids were the tear drops banished. Now I teach my children each melodious measure, oft the tears are flowing from my memory's treasure.

IN DEM WEITEN, BREITEN LUFT'GEN — In the wide, roomy, airy linen clothing the gypsy is freer than in gold and silk. The elegant golden attire squeezes one in and hinders the free, rapturous sounds of the songs. Let him who finds joy in singing freely, leave the vile gold to fall in hell.

DARF DES FALKEN SCHWINGE — Is it possible for a falcon to change his life for a confining cage? Can the wild colts who race through the woods find joy in bridles and reins? Has nature given you something gypsy? Yes. Freedom was given to me for my whole life!

ICH ATMET' EINEN LINDEN DUFT — I breathed the breath of linden fragrance. In the room stood a branch of linden, a birthday present from a lovely hand. How lovely was the linden scent.

RHEINLEGENDCHEN — If you have lost your sweetheart to another, all you must do is reap by the Neckar and reap by the Rhine and throw your ring into the waters so that a fish can swallow it, carry it to the place where your sweetheart is and your sweetheart will return to you.

ACH, WENDE DIESEN BLICK — Oh, turn away your glance, turn away your face so that my inmost heart cannot be filled anew with sorrow! When once my tormented soul rests and my blood does not course feverishly in my veins, one fleeing ray from your light will awaken my woes anew like a snake that bites into my heart.

DIE MAINACHT — When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs — and over the lawn scatters its slumbering light — and the nightingale sings, I walk sadly through the woods. Shrouded by foliage. A pair of doves coo their delight to me but I turn away seeking darker shadows, and a lonely tear flows. When, oh smiling image, that like dawn shines upon my soul, when shall I find you on earth? And the lonely tear flows trembling, burning down my cheek.

MINNELIED — Lovelier sounds the singing of the birds when he who conquered my maiden's heart, strolls through the woods. Redder bloom valleys and fields, greener grows the grass, where the fingers of my love gathered May flowers. Without him all is dead, faded are flowers and herbs and no spring sunset seems to me fair and serene. Sweet and lovely man, never flee from me that my heart may blossom with joy.

PROGRAMME

Zigeunermelodien, Op. 55 - - Antonin Dvorak
(to be sung without pause)

Mein Lied ertant

Als die alte Mutter

In dem weiten breiten, Luft'gen

Darf des Falken Schwinge

Ich atmet' einen Linden duft - - - Gustav Mahler

Rheinlegendchen	-	-	-	Gustav Mahler
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Ach, wende diesen Blick - - Johannes Brahms

Die Mainacht - - - Johannes Brahms

Minnelied - - - - Johannes Brahms

Alleluiah ("Exsultate Jubilate") - - W. A. Mozart

— INTERMISSION —

Mon Coeur s'ouvre à ta voix - Camille Saint-Saens
("Samson and Delilah")

Chanson Perpetuelle - - - Ernest Chausson

Negro Spirituals

I'm a poor little orphan in this world - Julia Perry

Hold on! - - - arr. Hall Johnson

I want Jesus to walk with me - Edward Boatner

Ride on King Jesus - - arr. Hall Johnson